FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

EC

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OBJECTIONABLE 1950s EC COMICS

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR®

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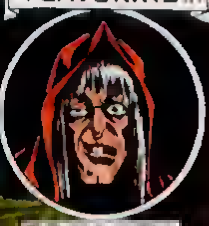

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!

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CRYPT #3

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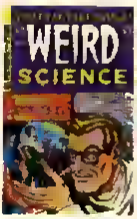

W SCI #1

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W SCI #3

W SCI #4

W SCI #5

W SCI #6

SHOCK #1

SHOCK #2

SHOCK #3

SHOCK #4

SHOCK #5

SHOCK #6

EACH 32-PAGE COMIC REPRINTS THE COVER AND ENTIRE STORY CONTENT OF ITS 1950s PREDECESSOR, IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR IN STANDARD COMIC BOOK FORMAT. THEY ARE RELEASED ON QUARTERLY SCHEDULES.

OTHER TITLES IN THE LINE ARE: **VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY, TWO-FISTED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** AND **CRIME!** THE BACKLIST ON EVERY TITLE REPRESENTS THE SAME ISSUE SPAN AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE. SEE THE AD IN THIS COMIC TO **SUBSCRIBE** TO ANY OR EVERY TITLE!

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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! GREETINGS, *FEAR FANS!* IT'S SO *NICE* TO SEE YOUR *FRIGHTENED FACES* AGAIN! WHAT ARE YOU SO *PALE* ABOUT? I HAVEN'T EVEN *BEGUN* YET! COME IN! IT'S *ME*...*THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* ARE YOU HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER OF MY *TASTY TERROR-TALES* THAT I *COOK UP* IN MY *CAULDRON?* *GOOD!* THEN I'LL NOT KEEP YOU *DROOLING!* I CALL THIS *HORROR-NELPING*

WARTS SO HORRIBLE?

G. Ingels

MY STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING IN A SMALL TOWN THAT LIES PEACEFULLY NEAR THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. IN HIS BEDROOM, OLD MISERLY TITUS CRANBERRY RAISES HIS HEAD AS TWO SEEDY LOOKING, POORLY DRESSED YOUNG MEN ENTER.

AFTERNOON, UNCLE TITUS!

HOW'RE YOU FEELIN TODAY, UNCLE TITUS?

HMMMPH! SO IT'S *YOU TWO!* CAN'T *WAIT* FOR ME TO *DIE*, EH? GOT TO COME AROUND AND *HELP*...

OLD TITUS GLARES AT HIS TWO NEPHEWS ..
ALL YOU TWO ARE INTERESTED IN IS MY MONEY!
THAT'S NOT TRUE, UNCLE TITUS!
WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOU!
WORRIED YOU MIGHT NOT GET ANY OF IT, EH? WELL, YOU CAN STOP WORRYIN', 'CAUSE YOU'RE NOT!
WHA..?
BUT...
NOW GET OUT! GET OUT AND LET ME DIE IN PEACE!
C'MON, LEM!
YEAH, HANK!
AS HANK AND LEN CRANBERRY, OLD TITUS' NEPHEWS AND ONLY HEIRS, LEAVE THE SICK MISER'S BEDROOM, WE SHOOT ACROSS TOWN TO A BACKYARD WHERE TWO BOYS ARE TALKING
DON'T SCRATCH 'EM, RUDY! THEY'LL ONLY GET WORSE!
I CAN'T HELP IT, CHUCK! THESE WARTS ITCH! I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY OF GETTIN' RID OF 'EM!
CHUCK... THE FORTUNATE YOUNGSTER WITHOUT THE TROUBLESOME SKIN IRRITATIONS. WHISPERS WIDE-EYED TO RUDY
I'LL BET THE HERMIT KNOWS HOW TO CURE WARTS!
THE HERMIT! GEE! I'D BE SCARED TO ASK HIM!
WHY? HE AIN'T SO BAD! I'LL BET ALL THOSE THINGS WE HEAR ABOUT HIM ARE JUST A PACK OF LIES!
YOU THINK SO, CHUCK? GEE! THESE WARTS ITCH! DO YOU.. REALLY THINK THE HERMIT MIGHT KNOW A WAY...
C'MON, RUDY! WE'LL GO SEE HIM! WHADAYA GOT TO LOSE, HUM?
YEAH! WHAT'VE I GOT TO LOSE...

MEANWHILE, BACK IN HIS BEDROOM, OLD TITUS CRANBERRY GREETS A NEW ARRIVAL ..HIS LIFE-LONG LEGAL ADVISOR .
COME CLOSER, SIDNEY! I CAN'T TALK TOO LOUD! I...I'M DYIN-SIO! I AIN'T GOT MUCH LONGER...
NONSENSE, TITUS! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF YEARS AHEAD OF YOU! WHY, IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS...
IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, I'LL BE DEAD! AND THOSE TWO NO-GOOD NEPHEWS OF MINE WILL INHERIT MY MONEY. MY LIFE'S SAVINGS! ALMOST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
WELL, TITUS! THEY'RE YOUR LEGAL HEIRS!
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET IT, UNDERSTAND? NOT ONE RED CENT! I'LL HAVE MY MONEY BURIED WITH ME...
YOU CAN'T DO THAT, TITUS! THAT'D BE AGAINST THE LAW
THEN I'LL BUY SOMETHIN' WITH THE MONEY! A RING! THEY CAN'T STOP ME FROM BEIN' BURIED WITH MY RING. CKN THEY?
NO! I GUESS NOT.
TITUS PAINFULLY TURNS OVER AND DRAWS A TIN BOX FROM BENEATH HIS PILLOW...
HERE, SIDNEY! HERE'S ALL MY MONEY! BUY A DIAMOND RING FOR ME! SPEND EVERY DOLLAR ON IT!
THIS IS FOOLISHNESS, TITUS...
SOMEDNE WILL ROB YOUR GRAVE AND STEAL THE RING...
LET 'EM TRY! JUST LET 'EM TRY!
OUTSIDE OLD TITUS' BEDROOM, HANK AND CLEM ARE EAVESDROPPING...
DID YOU HEAR THAT, CLEM? THE DIRTY OLD SKINFLINT!
DON'T WORRY, HANK! SIDNEY JUST TIPPED US HOW TO GET WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY OURS!
3

MEANWHILE, FAR ACROSS THE QUIET TOWN, RUDY AND CHUCK ARE APPROACHING THE RAMSHACKLE HOME OF THE RECLUSE THAT THE TOWNSFOLK CALL "THE HERMIT"
I... I'M SCARED, CHUCK!
C'MON! REMEMBER YOUR WARTS!
IN ANSWER TO THEIR TIMID KNOCKS, THE TATTERED OLD DOOR CREAKS OPEN BEFORE THE BOYS AND A HAIRY HEAD PEERS OUT...
EH? WHAT DO YOU BOYS WANT?
P...P-PLEASE, MISTER HERM... I MEAN... SIR! MY FRIEND HERE HAS GOT WARTS... SOMETHIN' AWFUL!
WE...WE WAS WONDERIN'...
BEHIND THE UNKEMPT HAIR AND DIRTY BEARD, THE RECLUSE'S FACE LIGHTS UP
WARTS, EH? AND YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU HOW TO GET RID OF 'EM, EH?
Y...Y...YES, SIR!
IF...YOU CAN, SIR!
THE HAIRY FIGURE STEPS BACK, MOTIONING THE BOYS TO ENTER THE DARK INTERIOR OF HIS SHABBY HUT! THEN HE CLOSES THE DOOR AND SITS DOWN! THE YOUNGSTERS EYE HIM UNCOMFORTABLY
FIRST, YOU'VE GOT TO GET AN OLD EMPTY VINEGAR BOTTLE! THEN YOU MUST FILL IT WITH GRAVEYARD STUMP-WATER...
THEN YOU MUST TAKE THE BOTTLE FULL OF STUMP-WATER AND STAND OVER A FRESH GRAVE..
.. HOLD THE HAND WITH THE WARTS OVER THE GRAVE-STONE AND POUR THE STUMP-WATER ON THE HAND SO THAT THE WATER RUNS DOWN THE HEAD-STONE INTO THE SOFT GRAVE SOIL!
ALL THIS MUST BE DONE AT MIDNIGHT UNDER A FULL MOON! AND IF YOU SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING STRANGE... DON'T BE A-FEARED! MANY WEIRD THINGS 'PEAR TO HAPPEN WHILE CASTIN' THE WITCHERY OF WART-REMOVIN'!
4

BACK ACSOSS TOWS, TITUS RAISES SIS HEAD WEAKLY AS SIDNEY DAVIDSON ENTESS THE BEDROOM...
OH GASP SIDNEY! THANK GOODNESS GASP YOU SOT BACK IS TIME
I'VE GOT THE RING, TITUS! PERSONALLY
REVER MIND! SEVES MISD! SIVE IT TO ME GASP QUICKLY!
HERE YOU ASE!
BEAUTIFUL! SEE GASP HOW IT SPARKLES! NOW GASP.. SEMEMSES, SIDSEY! I AM GASP TO BE BURIED WITH THIS RING! ON THE TABLE IS A WRITTEN REQUEST GASP TO THAT EFFECT
YES, TITUS! I UNDERSTARD!
MEANWHILE CHUCK AND RUDY LEAVE THE RECLUSE'S SHACK...
GEE, CHUCK! THE GRAVEYARD AT MIDNIGHT, WITH A FULL MOON!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AFRAID? OKAY.. THEY'RE YOUR WARTS...
THAT NIGHT, AN ALMOST FULL MOON SHINES THROUGH THE BEDROOM WINDOW OF OLD TITUS CRANBERRY AS...
UNCLE TITUS! UNCLE TITUS!
DON'T BOTHER, BOYS! HE CAN'T HEAR YOU! HE'S DEAD!
THE REXT DAY OLD TITUS CRANBERRY IS SUSIED IN THE TOWS CEMETERY! OSLY THSEE MES COME TO PAY THEIR LAST SESPECTS GLEN ASD HANK, HIS TWO SEPHEWS ARD SIDNEY, HIS LIFE-LORG LEGAL ADVISOR...
AND AS THE COFFIN IS BEING LOWERED INTO THE YAWNING GRAVE... FAR ACROSS TOWN, TWO BOYS MAKE PLANS
THESE'LL BE A FULL MOON TORISHT! LOOK! SEE? THE PAPER SAYS SO!
THEN I'LL MEE T YOU AT ELEVEN-THIRTY BY THE CEMETERY ASD DON'T FORGET AN EMPTY VINEGAR BOTTLE!
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THAT NIGHT, AT ELEVEN FORTY-FIVE, TWO SMALL SHADOWY FIGURES PUSH OPEN THE RUSTY SQUEAKING GATE OF THE CEMETERY! ONE OF THEM CARRIES AN EMPTY BOTTLE
L L LISTEN CH-CHUCK! MY WARTS HAVEN'T BEEN I-ITCHIN' ME L-L-LATELY!
C'MON! IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW!
SILENTLY THE TWO BOYS MOVE ACROSS THE SOFT SOD BETWEEN THE TOMBSTONES
L-L-LOOK! THERE'S A STUMP!
AN' IT'S B-GOT WATER IN IT TOO!
ONE OF THE BOYS BENDS AND FILLS THE EMPTY VINEGAR BOTTLE WITH THE FOUL-SMELLING, STAGNANT STUMP-WATER
PHEE-YOO!
SH-H-H-H!
N-NOW WE GOT TO FIND A F-FRESH GRAVE!
THEY B-BURIED OLD MISTER CRANBERRY TODAY! L-LET'S LOOK FOR H-H-HIS GRAVE!
SOON, THE BOYS REACH THE BARE MOUND, VOID OF GRASS, THAT SIGNIFIES A FRESH GRAVE
IS TH-THIS IT?
W-W-WAIT! I'LL STRIKE A MATCH AN' MAKE SH-SH-SURE!
THE GLOW OF THE MATCH LIGHTS UP THE NEWLY-CUT HEADSTONE
TITUS CRANBERRY! TH-THIS IS IT!
LISTEN
DRIFTING ACROSS THE STILL NIGHT AIR COMES THE SOUND OF CHIMES THE TOWN CLOCK TOLLING THE ROUN OF
MIDNIGHT!
GO AHEAD! HOLD YOUR HAND OVER THE GRAVE-STONE AND POUR

THE STENCH OF THE STAGRANT STUMP-WATER BURNS THE BOY'S NOSTRILS AS RUDY POURS IT OUT ONTO HIS WART-AFFLICTED HAND! AS THE LAST DROPS RUN OFF ONTO THE GRAVESTONE AND DOWN INTO THE SOFT EARTH..
THERE! IT'S DONE!
THE TERRIFIED YOUNGSTERS STARE IN HORROR AS THE DANCING FLICKERING GLOW OF LIGHT BOBS THE GRAVESTONES
C-CRIPES! LOOK!
IT'S C-C-COMING TOWARD US!
L-LET'S HIDE!
PARALYZED WITH FEAR, CHUCK AND RUDY CROUCH BEHIND A GRAVESTONE AS THE LIGHT NEARS! SOON THEY SEE IT IS JUST A LANTERN..
HEY! IT'S A COUPLE OF MEN! ONE'S GOT A SHOVEL!
SH-H-H-H! MAYBE THEY'RE GHOSTS!
WHILE ONE MAN SETS THE LANTERN DOWN NEXT TO TITUS CRANBERRY'S GRAVE, THE OTHER SEEMS TO DIG..
SEE! THEY'RE DIGGIN' UP OLD CRANBERRY..
I, I'M SCARED!
AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS SCARCELY MOVING FOR FEAR OF BEING SEEN, THE FRIGHTENED BOYS HEAR A HOLLOW BOOM
THEY.. THEY'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN..
GOLLY!
THEN A PAINFUL, CREAKING SOUND..
THEY'RE PRYING IT OPEN..
MAYBE..IF WE RUN NOW..
SUDDENLY, A SHRILL SCREAM SHATTERS THE SILENT BLACKNESS AROUND THEM
AAAAAAAAAAAA!
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THEN ANOTHER...
EEEEEEEEE!
SOMETHIN'S GOT THOSE TWO GUYS...
COME ON! LET'S GO!
SUDDENLY A FACE APPEARS OVER THE EDGE OF THE GRAVE, ITS CHALK-WHITE SKIN LIT BY THE LANTERN.
L-L-LOOK!
T-TITUS CRANBERRY!
A WAXEN HAND REACHES OUT OF THE BLACK PIT AND BEGINS SCOOPING THE SOIL BACK INTO THE GRAVE, WHILE THE MUFFLED SCREAMS OF THE TWO MEN GROW WEAKER AND WEAKER...
..UNTIL SILENCE ONCE AGAIN FALLS OVER THE CEMETERY...
TH-THE GRAVE'S ALL COVERED OVER AGAIN..
C'MON! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
THE BOYS SCRAMBLE FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE AND DART ACROSS THE MOUNDS BETWEEN HEAD-STONES..TOWARD THE RUSTY GATE..
BOY! THE HERMIT WAS RIGHT! WE CERTAINLY DID SEE SOME STRANGE THINGS!
YEAH.. HEY!
SEE.. WHAT WE SAW TONIGHT DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN, DID IT? IT WAS ALL PART OF THE WITCHERY, WASN'T IT?
WITCHERY, NOTHIN'! LOOK! AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE WE WENT TO, I STILL GOT MY WARTS!
HEE,HEE! WELL,THAT'S IT, KIDDIES! OF COURSE THE TWO MEN WHO TRIED TO DIG UP OLD TITUS' GRAVE WERE HANK AND CLEM! NOW, THEY'RE IN IT! IT WOULDN'T HAVE DONE 'EM MUCH GOOD IF THEY HAD MANAGED TO STEAL THE RING,THOUGH! IT'S JUST PASTE! YOU KNOW HOW TRUSTWORTHY LEGAL ADVISORS ARE! WELL, THE VAULT-KEEPER'S WAITING TO TELL YOU HIS TERROR-TALE, SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO HIM! OH,BY THE WAY! IF YOU HAVEN'T AS YET ORDERED ALL YOUR BACK ISSUES READ MY COLUMN, THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE, FOR ALL THE INFORMATION!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

MEH, HEH! GREETINGS, *GHOULS!* NOW THAT *THE OLD WITCH* IS FINISHED DISHING OUT *HER* SLIME, I'VE GOT A *REALLY* SLIMY HORROR STORY FOR YOU! YES, IT'S ME, *THE VAULT-KEEPER!* COME INTO THE *VAULT OF HORROR!* THIS TIME I'VE CHOSEN ONE OF MY BEST *SPINE-TINGLERS* FROM MY COLLECTION! READY? THEN I'LL BEGIN THE *CHILLING TALE* OF THE *MACABRE* I CALL

Forbidden Fruit

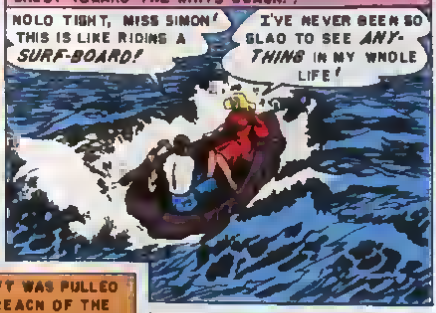
THE ISLAND LOOMED UP ON THE DAWN HORIZON LIKE A GHOSTLY SEA MONSTER FLOATING ON THE WIDE EXPANSE OF ENDLESS OCEAN! THE TINY LIFE-RAFT BOBBED ABOUT ON THE TOSSING WAVES. ITS TWO HUDDLED OCCUPANTS SCARCELY MOVING! THEN THE GIRL LIFTED HER BLONDE HEAD AND GAZED ABOUT.

WHY! IT'S _MORNING! I...I... MR. BAKER! MR. BAKER... *LOOK!* AN *ISLAND!*

WHA ? HUH? WHERE? OH...YES! I SEE IT! THANK HEAVENS!

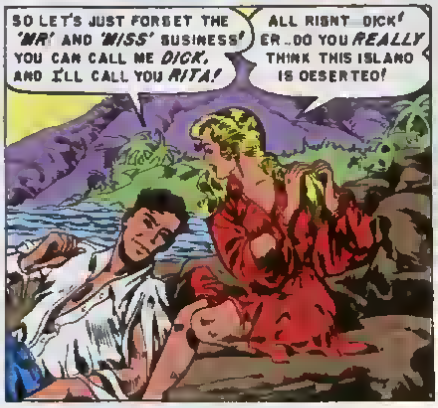
THE MALE OCCUPANT OF THE TINY RUBBER RAFT BEGAN TO PADDLE FURIOUSLY TOWARD THE DISTANT ISLAND WHILE THE GIRL BEGAN TO SOB FOR JOY

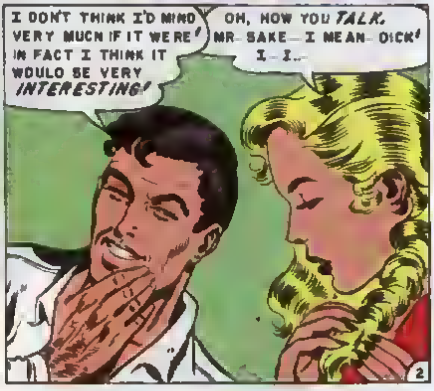
SOON THE TINY CRAFT NEARED ITS GOAL, WAS CAUGHT UP BY THE ROARING BREAKERS THAT ROLLED SHOREWARD, AND WENT SPEEDING ON A WAVE-CREST TOWARD THE WHITE BEACH..



SOON THE RAFT SCRAPED THE SAND AND THE TWO CASTAWAYS SCRAMBLED ASHORE

AFTER THE RAFT WAS PULLED UP OUT OF THE REACH OF THE INCOMING BREAKERS, THE CAST-AWAYS LOOKED ABOUT THEM.





SUDDENLY, DICK CAUGHT RITA IN HIS STRONG ARMS

I *MEAN* IT, RITA! I'M ALMOST *GLAD* THE PLANE WENT DOWN!

DICK! PLEASE! I.. I...

RITA *DARLING!*

OH, MY *DEAREST!*

THEY CLUNG TO EACH OTHER THERE ON THE SUN-BAKED BEACH...

DICK! I'VE *LOVED YOU* FOR *SO* LONG!

AND YOU DIDN'T LET ME *KNOW?* YOU LITTLE *IDIOT!* DID IT *HAVE* TO TAKE A PLANE CRASH AND A NIGHT ON A RAFT?

DICK LOOKED ABOUT AT THE FOLIAGE BORDERING THE BEACH..

WHAT IS IT, DICK? YOU LOOK *PUZZLED!*

I *AM!* I *DON'T* SEE ANY *FRUIT-BEARING TREES OR BUSHES!*

THE CASTAWAYS HURRIED UP TO THE BEACH, EXAMINING THE OVERGROWTH THAT LINED THE WHITE STRETCH OF SAND

YOU'RE *RIGHT, DICK!* NOT A *SIGN* OF FRUIT! USUALLY TROPICAL ISLANDS HAVE AN ABUNDANCE

IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!* BUT DON'T WORRY! THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* TO EAT! MAYBE IN THE INTERIOR! ANIMALS

LUCKY I REMEMBERED THE *GUN* WHEN WE ABANDONED THE PLANE! WE HAVEN'T MUCH AMMUNITION, BUT..

DICK! *LOOK!*

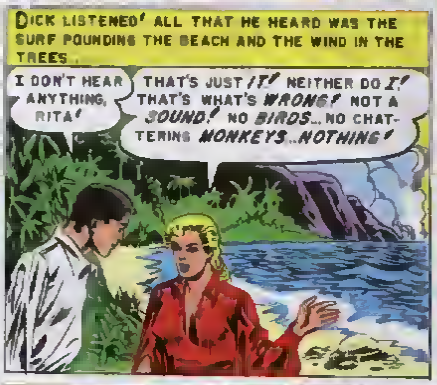
DICK FOLLOWED RITA'S STARE! BEFORE THEM, ON THE BEACH, WAS A CIRCLE OF CHARRED STONES AND ASHES.

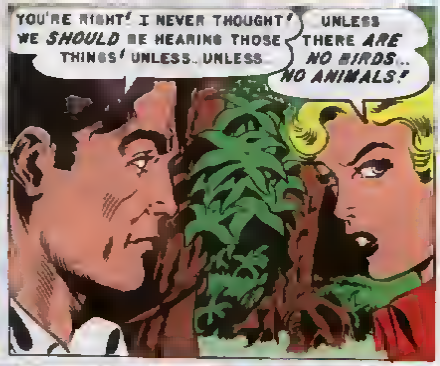
THE REMAINS OF A *FIRE!*

THEN SOMEONE *IS* ON THIS ISLAND!

THE TWO CASTAWAYS SMILED AT EACH OTHER SHEEPISHLY...
WELL! AT LEAST THAT MEANS THERE'S FOOD AROUND NOT TO MENTION THE COMPANY!
HURRY! LET'S FIND HIM! I'M STARVED!

DICK AND RITA CIRCLED THE WHOLE ISLAND, BUT THEY FOUND NO ONE! WHEN THEY'D RETURNED TO THEIR STARTING POINT
THAT'S STRANGE! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE TO THE JUNGLE!
LISTEN, DICK! LISTEN!


DICK LISTENED! ALL THAT HE HEARD WAS THE SURF POUNDING THE BEACH AND THE WIND IN THE TREES...
I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING, RITA!
THAT'S JUST IT! NEITHER DO I! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG! NOT A SOUND! NO BIRDS... NO CHATTERING MONKEYS... NOTHING!


YOU'RE RIGHT! I NEVER THOUGHT! WE SHOULD BE HEARING THOSE THINGS! UNLESS... UNLESS...
UNLESS THERE ARE NO BIRDS.. NO ANIMALS!

SUDDENLY, RITA GASPED! SHE POINTED DOWN AT THE RAFT...
LOOK, DICK! FOOTPRINTS!
MAYBE THEY'RE OURS!

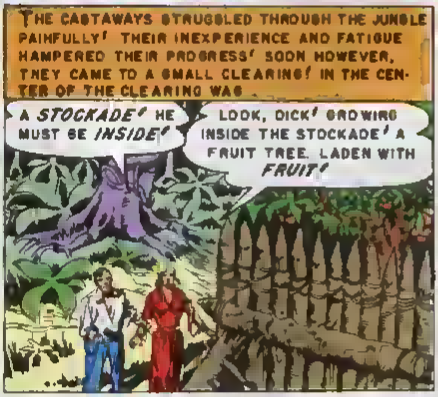
NO! SEE? THEY COME STRAIGHT OUT OF THE JUNGLE... CIRCLE THE RAFT... THEN GO BACK!
OUR FRIEND.. THE ONE WHO BUILT THE FIRE!

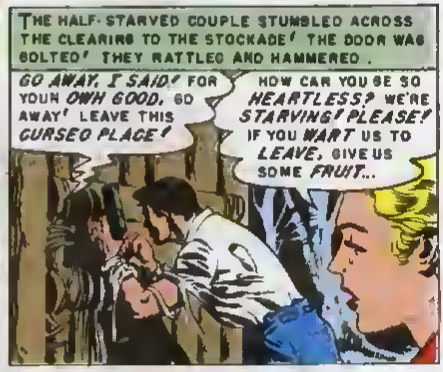
SUDDENLY, A HOARSE, FEARI-FYING VOICE STARTLED THE CASTAWAYS! IT CAME FROM THE THICK JUNGLE...
YOU TWO! GET IN YOUR RAFT... AND GET AWAY FROM THIS ISLAND... NOW..
WHO- WHO ARE YOU?

NEVER MIND! JUST GO! LEAVE THIS HORRIBLE PLACE! GO HOW!
COME OUT WHOEVER YOU ARE! COME OUT WHERE WE CAN SEE YOU! OR ELSE

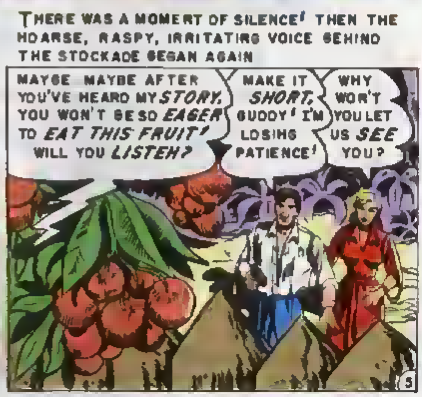
SUDDENLY, RITA CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF FLASHING GREY AS SOMETHING SCURRIED AWAY INTO THE JUNGLE
LOOK, DICK! THERE HE GOES!
C'MON! THAT DEVIL MUST HAVE SOME FOOD!

DICK AND RITA PLUNGED INTO THE JUNGLE AFTER THE FLEEING ISLANDER...
WAIT! DON'T RUN AWAY! WE'RE STARVING!
PLEASE! HAVE PITY!


THE CASTAWAYS STRUGGLED THROUGH THE JUNGLE PAINFULLY! THEIR INEXPERIENCE AND FATIGUE HAMPERED THEIR PROGRESS! SOON HOWEVER, THEY CAME TO A SMALL CLEARING! IN THE CENTER OF THE CLEARING WAS .
A STOCKADE! HE MUST BE INSIDE!
LOOK, DICK! GROWING INSIDE THE STOCKADE! A FRUIT TREE. LADEN WITH FRUIT!


THE HALF-STARVED COUPLE STUMBLED ACROSS THE CLEARING TO THE STOCKADE! THE DOOR WAS BOLTED! THEY RATTLED AND HAMMERED .
GO AWAY, I SAID! FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, GO AWAY! LEAVE THIS CURSED PLACE!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO HEARTLESS? WE'RE STARVING! PLEASE! IF YOU WANT US TO LEAVE, GIVE US SOME FRUIT...

HO! HO FRUIT! IT'D BE BETTER TO STARVE TO DEATH THAN EAT ONE BITE!
LISTEN, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I'VE GOT A GUN! IF YOU DON'T LET US HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT..SO HELP ME, I'LL KILL YOU!


THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE! THEN THE HOARSE, RASPY, IRRITATING VOICE BEHIND THE STOCKADE BEGAN AGAIN
MAYBE MAYBE AFTER YOU'VE HEARD MY STORY, YOU WON'T BE SO EAGER TO EAT THIS FRUIT! WILL YOU LISTEN?
MAKE IT SHORT, BUDDY! I'M LOSING PATIENCE!
WHY WON'T YOU LET US SEE YOU?

THE HUSKY COUSHINS VOICE CONTINUED...

...AFTER YOU HEAR MY STORY, YOU WILL *KNOW* WHY! SIX MONTHS AGO, MY SHIP...AN OIL TANKER *EXPLODED* EAST OF THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE! I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR! YOU SEE.

'...I WAS IN THE CROWS-NEST WHEN THE BLAST OCCURRED! I WAS THROWN CLEAR OF THE FLAMES AND BURNING OIL...'

'SOMEHOW OR OTHER I MANAGED TO STAY AFLOAT, AND I WAS FINALLY WASHED ASHORE ON THIS TERRIBLE PLACE...'

'I SOON DISCOVERED, AS *YOU* DID, THAT THERE WERE NO ANIMALS OR BIRDS ON THIS ISLAND! AT FIRST I COULD FIND NO FRUIT OR VEGETABLES EITHER! BUT, FINALLY, I STUMBLED ACROSS THIS STOCKADE AND ITS ENCLOSED FRUIT TREE.'

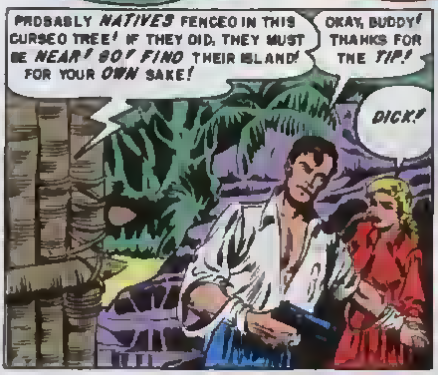
'I ATE MY FILL OF THE SWEET-TASTING FRUIT! I WONDERED WHO HAD BUILT THE STOCKADE AND WHY! THEN, ONE DAY I FOUND OUT! FUNNY LITTLE SORES, LIKE *MOLDY GROWTHS*, BEGAN TO APPEAR ON MY HANDS AND FACE...'

IN A *WEEK*, IT HAD GROWN *WORSE*... YET, I COULD *NOT STOP EATING* THE TASTY FRUIT! SOON THE *UGLY SLIME* COVERED MY *WHOLE BODY*! MY *SKIN* BEGAN TO *ROT*! TODAY SIX MONTHS LATER... WELL... NOW YOU KNOW *WHY* I WON'T LET YOU *SEE* ME!

PROBABLY *NATIVES* FENCED IN THIS CURSED TREE! IF THEY DID, THEY MUST BE *NEAR*! SO I'LL *FIND* THEIR ISLAND! FOR YOUR *OWN* SAKE!

OKAY, BUDDY! THANKS FOR THE *TIP*!

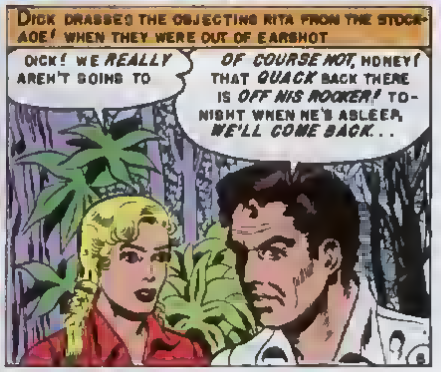
DICK!



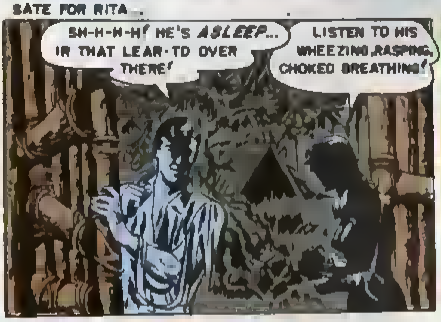
DICK DRAGGED THE OBJECTING RITA FROM THE STOCKADE! WHEN THEY WERE OUT OF EARSHOT

DICK! WE *REALLY* AREN'T GOING TO

OF COURSE NOT, HONEY! THAT *QUACK* BACK THERE IS *OFF HIS ROCKER*! TONIGHT WHEN HE'S ASLEEP, *WE'LL COME BACK*...



THAT RIGHT, WITH THE SIGNAL LAMP FROM THE RAFT, THE TWO STARVING CASTAWAYS RETURNED TO THE STOCKADE! SILENTLY, DICK CLIMBED THE HIGH SPIKED FENCE.. LET HIMSELF DOWN GENTLY... AND OPENED THE GATE FOR RITA...

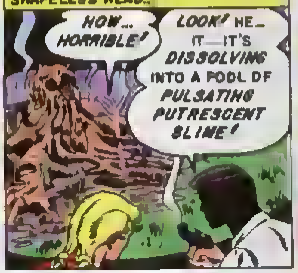


HUNGRILY, THE COUPLE BEGAN TO EAT THE TASTY FRUIT! ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY SWALLOWED..

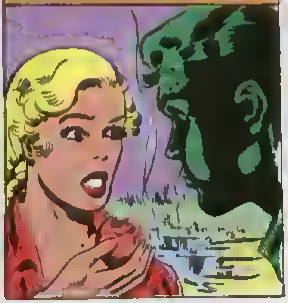
THE SHADOWY FIGURE CAME AT THEM, SCREAMING HOARSELY...

DICK SWITCHED OR THE SISRAL LIGHT AND SHIRED IT AT THE APPROACH-ING FIGURE..

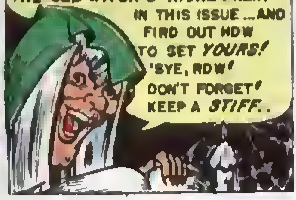
DICK FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIR AT THE HIDEOUS, MOLD-COVERED, ROTTED, FOUL-SMELLIRG THIRS! IT STOPPED FOR A MOMENT ..THEN SANK TO THE SROURD... ITS WIDE STARIRG EYES LIKE PIN-POINTS OF LISHT IN ITS SHAPELESS HEAD..

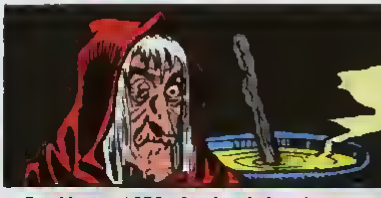


RITA STARED AT THE HALF-EATEN PIECE OF FRUIT IN HER HARD THEN AT DICK! DICK STARED BACK! FEELIRGS OF NAUSEA AND REVUL-SION SWEPT OVER THEM...



HEH, HEH! AND SO MY STORY ENDS! AND IT *IS* THE *END* FOR DICK AND RITA, KIDDIES! SOOR THE LITTLE *SORES* WILL BEGIR TO *APPEAR*... AND *THEN*-.. HEH, HEH ...WELL, JUST USE YOUR *IMAGINATION*! BUT IF YOU *DON'T HAVE* AN IMAGINATION, AND YOU NEED ANOTHER FEAR-FIX, CHECK OUT HOW TO GET MORE EC MAGS! JUST READ *THE OLD WITCH'S HIGHE*-. NEXT IN THIS ISSUE ...AND FIRD OUT HDW TO SET *YOURS*! 'SYE, RDW! DON'T FORGET! KEEP A *STIFF*..





THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

President and CEO—Stephen A Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Wood, Wood he's pretty good! Feldstein's the best, VK a pest! and The Old Witch is the best of 'em all

Tony Lewandowski — Oak Forest IL

Crypty, Crypty, he's three hundred and fifty! Ghastly's the ultimate; when he puts his skull to it! And Tony Lewandowski is...is a great guy! (Rats!) —OW

Un-dear Old Witch,

I just started reading your stories and I LOVE them

All of your tales are so gruesome and scary My bones rattle when I read them I love them at night time I especially like "Diminishing Returns!" Keep up the good work.

Jamie Haynes — Lewiston, CA

Glad you LOVE them! I think you're great And Tony Lewandowski is greatski. (Still not as good! Rats!) —OW

What's up Old Witch?

I just finished reading HAUNT #8 and it was delicious! "Hounded to Death!" was truly good work

Shame [on] Mike McKnight and Duane Chandler for saying that you're ugly You are revolting filth Beyond ugly During your many hundred years of rotting you must've went through a lot of radioactive changes Well I still love your title best and yet I am still ordering EC back issues like there isn't any tomorrow Later, you wrinkled nut! [Print address, please.]

Shannon Jones age 17 — 4535 Foote ST NE, Washington, DC 20019

Let's cool it on the reverse-compliments, or for you there WON'T be any tomorrow! Keep on my good side—keep buyin'! —OW

Dear EC comics,

I've been collecting your comics for a long time one year exactly, and so far I've read about the following things vampires, werewolves, zombies murderers, mummies and ghouls. But I haven't read about dinosaurs. I think dinosaurs are scary and belong in EC comics, don't you? If you wrote about dinosaurs coming back to life it would make an interesting story My friends and I like reading about dinosaurs a lot, so please try to fit a dinosaur story into an EC comic book. Your devoted fan

Joey A Richardson — Bettendorf, IA

You and your dino-devouring friends should be reading EC's SF titles; WEIRD SCIENCE, WEIRD FANTASY and INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION (formerly WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY). That's in addition to, not instead of! That way, you have your corpses and eat it too!

Joey A. Richardson, the "good-guy" list (of The Witch) is on! And, Tony Lewandowski—it's "only you," and howski! (Success!)

Dear Old Witch,

I m writing to you because you are so much scarier than VK and CK I can't believe The CK has his own show and you and VK don't! Here are some questions I would really appreciate it if you answered them really well The first question is, is there a very possible chance that you and VK will get your show? The second question is can you make powerful spells without your pot? The third question is, are you powerful enough to make a spell that will make you invincible? The last question is, can you kill people or destroy things with lightning or anything from your hands? Thank you Mrs. Witch!

Andy Park — Los Angeles CA

Well, I that I had an offer to put me on the tube; came to find out what they said was a show with me would go DOWN the TUBES!

Well, I use my CAULDRON (not POT!) to stew up some stories for you little grue-hounds. I cast spells at my leisure. Unfortunately, the Anonymous Editor has—Spell-Check!

Well, I can make myself invincible. The real imponderable is, can I then make something that can hurt me?!

Well, my hands are pretty powerful—'scuse I have a Fistful of Dollars!

I hope I have answered these, uh, well —OW

Dear VK CK, OW

You guys are the best! Especially you CK, you usually have the best stories. [**WHAT!**]

I just finished reading THE VAULT OF HORROR #8 I loved "Daddy Lost His Head!!" and "Reunion!" by OW

I like your comics because you don't have to get into the complicated and at times even boring networks of superhero comics (I'm not saying all superhero comics are bad, just most of them.)

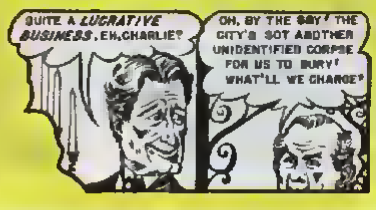
Hey guys, why don't you get those hairy moles removed from your noses (I know a good plastic surgeon!) And you might want to try getting a toothbrush

Please print my whole address so that other fans can write to me I'd love to hear from them! I'm a boy 15 [years old] A fellow cackler,

Erin Van Drimmelen — 548 Saint Nick DR, Memphis, TN 38117

DESPITE your misguided tolerance of those other two GhouLunatics, I'm glad you liked "Reunion!". Remember, 25% of both their tepid titles is a story by ME, making them worth the price of admission. —OW

NEXT ISSUE



Dear Russ (and company of ghosts, ghouls, fiends zombies, and the like)

I am writing to tell you of a video that I happened to come across called "The Screaming Woman." It is a movie by Ray Bradbury, and I think it is pertinent to us who devour your comics

I have a question about the authors and artists of the stories that get into your comics. Do you have any biographical information on any of them (for example when they were born/died what other things they might have drawn or written for how long they worked with EC etc.)? I guess since I work at a library I like to know the background of what I am reading and enjoying

Since I had my letter printed in June I have got very interesting letters from a man in Tacoma, Washington someone named Francis from Singapore a girl from Cincinnati who just got her letter published in August issue of VAULT and last but not least a man from Canada. Thank you for printing my address. I love getting mail that is not a bill.

Patty Drummond POB 482
Martins Ferry, OH 43935

I am second to none in being happy about the success of Revoltin' Ray over the years. That ol' screamin' womas screams for EC in CRIME 15, a bit more than a year from now. But if you can't wait, get 64-pg RCP CRYPT #2, $2 a copy plus s&h like it says at the bottom of this column.

[Hey, Witchie, perhaps we need to re-run the original EC "Artist of the Issue" features, they would be a good primer on the EC personnel. —Ed Anon]

Maybe you're right, keyboard-boy. Meantime, thanks to Patty for the puzzle we've run elsewhere in this column. —OW

Greetings my beloved goddess

After years of pent-up emotions which have gradually fed upon my weak love-stricken innards, I've finally built up enough courage to write to the woman who could make my brain deranged with passion and my stomach regurgitate my waffles at the same time!

Now my comment on the tales [in HAUNT 8] I was doin' the shady Shimmy with my guts wrapped around my ankles when I noticed that "Diminishing Returns!" credits were unknown! But I have a feeling it was you, my dear Old Witch, who wrote and illustrated that tale for insignificant me! Ya did it 'cause yer too shy to express yer true feelings fer me!

I do have one complaint, though: there are only 7 portraits of ya in the issue! To relieve my infernal suffering you should print pin-ups of yerself, which we can remove without desecrating our much cherished comic! I'm only saying this 'cause yer heebie-jeebie inducing mug is the reason why I purchase yer book and the only reason I haven't placed my head in my waffle-iron!

So, my repulsive, earwax-swillin' hag of a woman, please look into that black, cancerous mound of a muscle ya call a heart and give me a reply—'cause I think I'll be having waffles very soon. Yer devoted miscreant,

Ivo musa XOXOX Calgary, AB

Problem solved, loverboy: buy extra copies of my comics and cut out the pics of me for your wallet! Sorry about the waffles, I'm not at my best at breakfast!

Are those 'hugs and kisses' after your signature, or is your last name the same as my favorite bouillon? —OW

Dear Russ,

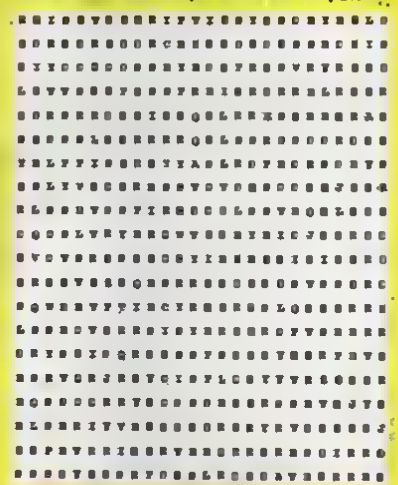
CRIME #5 is the only CRIME I have because I had a picture I drew in it. The last story was called "Partially Dissolved!"

It was told by The Old Witch. I was wondering if it will be in a future issue of CRYPT, HAUNT, or VAULT. I hope it will because I'd have to buy all the back issues [of CRIME] because I want all the stories of CRYPT, HAUNT, and VAULT.

Eric Kazen Richmond HTS, OH

Altho EC did re-run a few (a VERY few!) stories, my stories in CRIME (superheaded "The Haunt of Fear" stories, everywhere else I called 'em "The Witch's Cauldron") were NOT re-run anywhere else! To get them (and almost every one had Ghastly art, so you GOTTA have 'em!) you gotta get CRIME SUSPENSTORIES! Pretty tricky, huh? —OW

SEARCH-A-WORD PUZZLE
PATTY DRUMMOND, MARTINS FERRY, OH.



Dig up the horror-words on CRYPT-ed in this gruesome grid. Send your list to this department (There's no reason to send in this page, or a copy of it. Make a list, you lazy lizards!) Earliest postmark of the best solution gets the glory. —OW

This month: INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION #8 and CRIME #9. Next month: The 10th issues of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!

BACK ISSUES. CRYPT #1, $3 each (subject to availability). 80 others up thru issue #8, $1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Add $6 per order ($12 outside US) for S&H.

We want letters! Write to:
HAUNT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
HAUNT OF FEAR #9 (SEP/OCT 1951)

COVER by Al Feldstein
"Wants So Horrible?" Graham Ingels
"Forbidden Fruit" Joe Orlando
"The Age-Old Story!" Jack Kamen
"The Gorilla's Paw!" Jack Davis

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish same published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. In no case send your address on the individual letter.

More items of general EC interest, collected into this special column called. .

FAN CLUB NEWS! #7

PRESENTED BY THE VAULT-KEEPER

I was going through a price guide when I found they had made a Tales from the CRYPT OF TERROR in 3D. Tell me are you going to reprint it or do we have to pay over three hundred dollars for one? Please print my address.

Jan Sosebee
POB 256
Eton, GA 30724

Is there a possibility that you might reprint the EC titles THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR and THREE DIMENSIONAL EC CLASSICS? As a collector of your reprints and a 3D enthusiast I'd really enjoy seeing them back in print. Why not let some other EC FanAddicts decide by inviting their letters of support?

John Robinson
Halifax, NS

The two books (John's letter lists the official wording of the titles) were 3C's only published 3D material. A third (SF) book was not published but was prepared. We want to do them in hardback someday; maybe after that they'd appear in 32-pg comics. —VK

Dear Tale-Telling Ghouls

I enjoy all your comic books very much. After buying several other [reprints] that were printed out of order, I came upon the actual (in order) reprints. I know the total plan is to reprint all CRYPT, VAULT and HAUNT, but do you also plan to reprint all three TALES OF TERROR ANNUALS, too? If so, please tell me so I can have all the horror comics that you publish.

Say hi to Russ and tell him to stop writing notes to The Old Witch in crayon.

Eric Grawe
Burlington, WI

With the exception of the cover art, the contents of 3C's Annual contained no new material. The 'guts' were four coverless (presumably de-covered) copies of back issues chosen from within a theme but otherwise at random. Thus, it would be pointless—as well as impossible!—to reprint them! The official titles were: TALES OF TERROR (3 issues), WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY (2 issues) and TWO-FISTED ANNUAL (2 issues).

Hey, EC FanAddicts! This is your last chance to receive a FREE (yes, you read that right) issue of HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR. Many corpses have already risen from the grave and snatched up most of the copies but we still have about 40-50 copies left for those of you who've missed out! We discuss EC's wonderful horror work in our first deadly issue. So don't delay! Dig out of your grave while the dirt's still fresh and pull up a cruddy cauldron to write on so we can send HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR to your own Vault or Crypt!

Send name and address (and anything else of interest: perhaps your mother-in-law's severed tongue or your school teacher's bloody yardstick) to

Sam Kingston's
30 Ivy DR
HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR Midvale, UT 84047

Dear Vault-Keeper,

November, 1949. I walked into Murphey's candy store and bought a copy of WAR AGAINST CRIME. You, VK, were on page one, hunched over on a stone throne deep in the VAULT OF HORROR, crooking your finger at me, a 9-year-old kid, and saying "Come closer." I did.

Good News! The third issue of GOOD LORD!, the official newsletter/fanzine of the EC REGISTER, has just been released by ABNER DOON PRODUCTIONS, a non-profit organization of GhouLunaticHelpers.

We are looking for: V-K devotees (like me and Abner), C-K freaks, OW minions, SCI-FI cats, MAD lovers, SHOCK, WAR and CRIME fans, REPRINT addicts, EC ORIGINAL COLLECTORS, EC ORIGINAL ART COLLECTORS, PRE-TREND, NEW TREND and NEW DIRECTION dudes. In short: anyone of any age with any interest in EC comics.

Anyone who wishes to join us, heh-heh, has only to send a stamp to the EC REGISTER, ABNER DOON PRODUCTIONS, 8801 Atlantic Avenue, Margate City, NJ 08402.

Christopher Cook Gilmore

Below is a re-run of the dope on another fan's project, just in case anyone missed it from a previous column. —VK

I wish to start a dream of mine: THE NATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB. In my club, all serious EC fans will receive great benefits including a one year (six-issue) subscription to the club's official fanzine—THE NATIONAL E.C. BULLETIN!

Membership to the club costs $14.00. This money is just under enough to cover the publication costs. I make no profit! If you decide you want to join and don't have $14.00 (US Currency), you may send just enough for your subscription ($12.00) and send the extra two bucks for your membership package later on.

Also: if you are worried the club magazine SUCKS, you can order a sample issue for $2.00.

THE INTERNATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB
c/o Philip M. Smith, President/Founder
5947 Colgate St.
Philadelphia, PA 19120

Regarding Andrianne Cook's request in FCN #5 for "a prose history of EC," I suggest 'Completely MAD: A History of the Comic Book and Magazine' (91, Maria Reidelbach, Little, Brown and Co.).

Concerning "a history of American horror and crime comics in the 1950s" look for "The Illustrated History of Horror Comics, Series #1" (91, Taylor Publishing) and "Crime Comics, Series #5" (93, Taylor Publishing), both are by Mike Benton.

You have my permission to publish my address.

Vinny Bellizia, Jr.
526 2nd AV
North Brunswick, NY 08902-3316

I read with interest the letter by Phil Smith that suggested starting an EC Fan Club. I'd like to pass along an idea. There is a book called "Organized Obsessions" by Deborah M. Burek and Martin Conners that lists 1001 offbeat associations, fan clubs and microsocieties you can join! From the Abbott and Costello Fan Club to Rock Horror fan clubs, they're all there.

Write to Oranized Obsessions, c/o Visable Ink Press, 835 Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226-4004. Send them the full name of your group, include your address with zip, telephone number with area code and fax if possible. Write a page of information on your group and send along any brochure or leaflets you have. With any luck, it'll end up in the next edition. There's not one listing yet on comic clubs. Shouldn't EC be among the first?

Phil Marsh
Sunnyvale, CA

And you-all that WE were weird! —VK

Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS, RUSS COCHRAN, POB 469, WEST PLAINS, MO 65775.

We welcome letters of opinions. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual letter.

HERE'S A DISGUSTING NEW WRINKLE IN...

THE AGE-OLD STORY!

HARRIET TURNED THE CORNER INTO THE FAMILIAR TENEMENT BLOCK! IT WAS DESERTED! GAPING BLACK WINDOWS, LIKE EYE-SOCKETS IN HEAPED SKULLS, STARED OUT AT THE LITTERED SIDEWALKS! HARRIET'S HIGH HEELS RAPPED A STACCATO AS SHE HURRIED BY BENEATH THE LONE STREET-LAMP...

SHE TURNED INTO AN ALLEY AS A CLOCK SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE SLEEPING CITY TOLLED THREE MOURNFUL WAILS, SIGNIFYING THE EARLY MORNING HOUR! SHE MOVED PAST BATTERED ASHCANS ALIVE WITH GREY, FAST-MOVING FORMS ..AND FINALLY STOPPED BEFORE A SHABBY DOOR! SHE RAISED HER TINY FIST AND KNOCKED HEAVILY! NO SOUND CAME FROM WITHIN...

MEL MUST BE ASLEEP! HE DOESN'T EXPECT ME...SO *SOON!* THANK GOD I'M *THROUGH!*

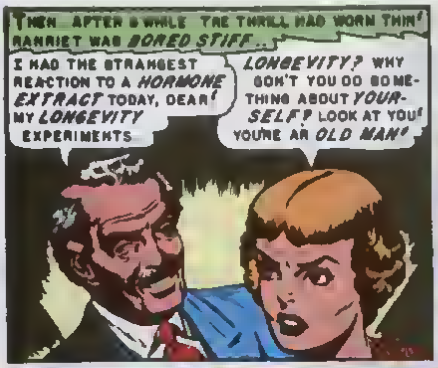
HARRIET KNOCKED AGAIN... LOUDER THIS TIME! INSIDE, SOMEONE FINALLY STIRRED! HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED! IN A MOMENT SHE'D BE IN MEL'S ARMS... AT LAST! AS SHE WAITED FOR THE ROTTED DOOR TO SWING OPEN, HARRIET'S THOUGHTS WENT BACK...BACK TO THE BEGINNING. THE WHOLE THING HAD STARTED A YEAR AGO...IN THAT VERY ALLEY...

THIS IS IT, HARRIET! IT'S PRETTY DISMAL, I GUESS, BUT AT LEAST WE'LL START OUR MARRIAGE WITH A *ROOF* OVER OUR HEADS...

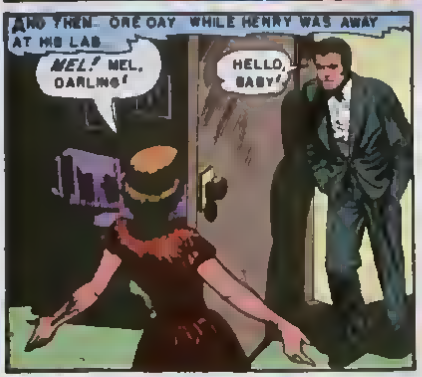
OH, NO, MEL! *NO!*

YES, MEL HAD PROPOSED TO REN THAT NIGHT! HE'D ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM! THEN, HE'D BROUGHT HER THERE
NO, MEL! YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO LIVE IN THIS...THIS ROTTEN HOLE!
BUT, HARRIET! IT'LL ONLY BE FOR A WHILE! TILL I GET STARTED..
SHE'D BEEN SHOCKED! OH, SURE, MEL WAS A NICE GUY. YOUNG GOOD LOOKING! BUT TO BEGIN A MARRIAGE IN THAT MISERABLE HOVEL..
I'M. I'M SORRY, MEL! LOOK ME UP AGAIN. WHEN YOU CAN OFFER ME SOMETHING BETTER!
HARRIET, WAIT!
MEL HAD CAUGHT UP WITH REN.. PLEADED WITH HER..
BUT, YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME!
NOT THAT MUCH, HONEY! NOT ENOUGH FOR THAT!
THAT WAS HOW IT'D BEGUN! HARRIET REMEMBERED IT ALL SO CLEARLY! SHE'D LEFT MEL STANDING IN THE MOUTH OF THE GARBAGE-STREWN ALLEY, AND HAD CAUGHT A BUS UPTOWN...
THAT'S ALL, BROTHER! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M FED UP TO HERE WITH FURNISHED ROOMS AND TENEMENTS!
BUS STOP
SHE'D GOTTEN OFF SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO PARK AVENUE! AGGRESSIVELY, SHE'D MADE HER WAY TOWARD IT, GAZING UP AT THE LUXURIOUS APARTMENT WINDOWS LONESOMELY...
IT'S MONEY I'M AFTER NOW! MONEY AND ALL THE THINGS IT CAN BUY... LIKE THOSE PLUSH PENTHOUSES UP THERE.. AND CARS...AND SERVANTS!
SUDDENLY, SHE'D GOTTEN A CRAZY URGE TO SEE THE INSIDE OF ONE OF THOSE PARK AVENUE PALACES! SHE'D SAUNTERED PAST A SUSPICIOUS DOOR-MAN.. STEPPED INTO A SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR ..AND PRESSED THE BUTTON MARKED 'PENTHOUSE' WHEN THE ELEVATOR HAD STOPPED, SHE'D GOTTEN OFF! MUSIC AND LAUGHTER EXPLODED AS SHE OPENED THE DOOR..
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S HAVING A PARTY...
NO ONE HAD EVER NOTICED HER COME IN! THEY WERE ALL TOO BUSY HAVING A GOOD TIME! SHE'D HESITATED ON THE TERRACED ENTRANCE...ALMOST READY TO TURN AND RUN, WHEN...
WELL! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! COME ON DOWN! HAVE A DRINK!
TH...THANK YOU!

HANRIET SMILED TO REHSELF AS SRE WAITED FDH MEL TO COME TO TRE DOOR! THAT WAS WHEN SHE HAD FIRST MET RENRY
MAY I DRIVE YOU ROME, HANRIET?
OF COUNSE, HENHY!
HENRY WAS OLD . . IN HIS FIFTIES! BUT HE WAS RICH! AS RE'D DRIVEN HER DOWNTOWR IR RIS CADILLAC .
STRARGE TRAT I'VE REVEN MET YDU BEFONE, HANHIET! NAY I SEE YOU ABAIR? SAY, DIHRER TOMORROW?
I'D LOVE IT, HERRY!
IRE NEXT RIGHT, SHE'D MET HENRY AT A SWARKY EAST-SIDE CLUB! THE CHECK MUBY HAVE GOME TO FORTY BUCKS! AFTEN . . .
HOW ABOUT A NIBRT-CAP AT MY PLACE?
SOUNDS ALL RIGHT TO ME!
IT'D BEEN WREN SHE FIRST SAW RERHY'S BEAUTIFUL EXFENSIVELY FURNISHED APAHTMENT THAT HARRIET HAD MADE UF RER MIND! SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY THE OLD COOBER
LIKE IT?
OH, RENNY! IT'S BREATHTAKING...
IT HADN'T TAKEN VERY LORG AFTER THAT! A FEW MORE EVERINGS AT RIS HOME, AND HENRY RAD FRO-FD BED
I CAN BIVE YOU EVERYTHING HARRIET! ALL OF THIS! JUST BAY, 'YES'!
YES, HEHRT, I'LL MARRY YD U!
AHD SO SHE'D BECOME MRS REHNY NABTERSON, WIFE OF TRE FAMOUB RESEARCR BIDLOBIST
I'LL BE AT MY LABONATORY IF YOU WANT TO CALL ME, HANRIET! BOOD-BYE, DARLING!
'BYE, DEAR!
AT FINST IT HAD BEEN EXCITING! HEW CLOTHES. . SHOPFING SFREES JEWELRY REH DWN CAR! BUT AFTEN A WRILE, RERRY'S ABE BEGAH TO TELL
NOT TOHIGHT, HANRIET! I RAD A HARD DAY AT THE LAB! HO RIGHT-CLUB, TONIGRT!
BUT, HENNY! THENE'S A NEW SROW! YOU PROMISED . .
3


THEN... AFTER A WHILE THE THRILL HAD WORN THIN! HARRIET WAS BORED STIFF...
I HAD THE STRANGEST REACTION TO A HORMONE EXTRACT TODAY, DEAR! MY LONGEVITY EXPERIMENTS
LONGEVITY? WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF? LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE AN OLD MAN!

HARRIET! LOOK AT ME! I'M YOUNG! I WANT TO ENJOY LIFE! INSTEAD, WE SIT HOME NIGHT AFTER NIGHT... IN THIS BIG EXPENSIVE BARN!


AND THEN ONE DAY WHILE HENRY WAS AWAY AT HIS LAB...
MEL! MEL, DARLING!
HELLO, BABY!

SHE'D FLUNG HERSELF INTO MEL'S ARMS ..KISSED HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN.
OH, MEL! I'VE MISSED YOU SO!
YEAH! I'LL BET!

AND THEN HARRIET HAD THOUGHT OF IT! A PLAN! A WONDERFUL WONDERFUL PLAN
DON'T BE ANGRY, HONEY! I'M DOING IT FOR US!
US! THAT'S A LAUGH!

OH, MEL! REALLY! HENRY'S RICH! RICHER THAN YOU'LL EVER BE! I MARRIED HIM FOR HIS DOUGH! WHEN I GET IT
YOU.. YOU WOULDN'T KID ME, WOULD YOU, BABY?

LOOK, MEL! IT'S GOING TO BE EASY! I'LL GET HIM TO SIGN OVER HIS HOLDINGS TO ME... LITTLE BY LITTLE! AND WHEN I HAVE IT ALL, I'LL DITCH HIM! THEN IT'LL BE JUST YOU AND ME...ON EASY STREET!
YOU'RE SERIOUS, AREN'T YOU?

DEAD SERIOUS, HONEY!
C'MERE, YOU LITTLE SHE-DEVIL!
THAT NIGHT, HARRIET HAD BEGUN HER INSIDIOUS CAMPAIGN...
THAT'S RIGHT, HENRY! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP!
DON'T LEAVE ME, HARRIET! PLEASE! I NEED YOU.
I'LL INCREASE YOUR ALLOWANCE! I'LL TRANSFER SOME MONEY TO YOUR ACCOUNT! PLEASE..
REALLY? HOW... MUCH?
SHE'D SEPT IT UP! SHE'D PLAYED ON HIS EMOTIONS, HIS EGO HIS INSECURITY...
I'M YOUNG, HENRY! YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO OFFER ME
I WON'T LET YOU GO! I CAN'T! I'D BE NOTHING WITHOUT YOU! MY WHOLE ACCOUNT! YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE THING...
AND NEL'D KEEP COMING..CHECKING HER PROGRESS...
IT'S GOING TO BE A WHILE YET, NEL! THERE'S STILL HIS STOCKS AND BONDS..
I CAN WAIT, HARRIET! YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME WHEN IT'S DONE...
THEN ONE EVENING
I'M FED UP, HENRY! FED UP! YOU'RE OLD! I HAVE NO SECURITY! WHAT IF YOU SHOULD SUDDENLY DIE?
MY BONDS! MY STOCKS! YOU CAN HAVE THEM ALL! JUST STAY WITH ME, DARLING! DON'T LEAVE ME... PLEASE...
SO SHE'D GOTTEN IT ALL! EVERY CENT! THEN TONIGHT SHE'D TOLD HIM...
I'M THROUGH, HENRY! I'M TAKING THE MORNING TRAIN TO RENO! YOU'RE USELESS TO ME, NOW!
I I CAN'T STOP YOU! I... I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO OFFER YOU!
5

WHILE SHE WAS CHECKING, HE'D ENTERED HER ROOM WEEKLY, CARRYING A TRAY...
I...I GUESS I'M JUST AN OLD SENTINENTAL FOOL, HARRIET! BUT...WOULD YOU DRINK A FAREWELL TOAST WITH ME?
SURE, HENRY! WHY NOT?
WELL! HERE'S TO YOUR LONGEVITY EXPERIMENTS! THEY'RE ALL YOU'VE GOT LEFT, NOW, SUCKER!
GOOD-BYE... YOUNG, LOVELY HARRIET!
THEN SHE'D LEFT HIM FOR GOOD! SHE'D SENT HER BASS TO THE STATION AND DONE DOWNTOWN TO GET MEL! NOW SHE STOOD BEFORE HIS DOOR...WAITING FOR HIM TO ANSWER HER KNOCK.
WHO'S THERE?
IT'S ME, MEL! OPEN UP!
THE SHABBY DOOR SWUNG OPEN! A THIN BLADE OF LIGHT SLICED THROUGH THE DARKNESS! MEL STARED AT HER
WHA...WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?
MEL! IT'S ME! HARRIET! STOP CLOWNING!
MEL GLARED AT HER IN ANGER.
MEL! I—
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU OLD HAG! YOU'RE DRUNK!
MEL SLAMMED THE DOOR! HARRIET STOOD THERE, SHOCKED! SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT! SHE FUMBLED IN HER BAG AND PULLED OUT A MIRROR! SHE STEPPED OUT INTO THE LIGHT FROM THE STREET-LAMP AND LOOKED AT HER FACE.
HEE, HEE! YEP! HENRY DECIDED THAT HARRIET HAD TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON! SO HE SPIKED HER FAREWELL DRINK WITH A HORMONE HE'D DISCOVERED AN AGING HORMONE! RIGHT NOW, HENRY'S SITTING IN HIS PLUSH APARTMENT WAITING FOR HARRIET! DON'T WORRY, RIDDIES! SHE'LL GO BACK! REMEMBER HENNY LOVES HER! HE'LL BE ABLE TO TOLERATE HER REPULSIVE OLD FACE! OF COURSE, SHE'S NOT AS DISGUSTING AS I AM! NO ONE COULD BE! IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE ME SOME MORE BE SURE AND SUBSCRIBE AND GET ALL MY BACK ISSUES! READ THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE, AND FIND OUT HOW TO GET 'EM! BUT I HEAR THE CRYPT-KEEPER PANTING WAITING TO TELL HIS HORROR STORY...SO, 'BYE NOW!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

NOW I SEE IT'S *MY* TURN TO '*GUEST*' IR *THE OLD WITCH'S HAG-MAG!* ARO RATURALLY I AM GIVEN THE *LAST SPOT!* THEY'RE ALL *JEALOUS* BECAUDE MY STORIES ARE ALWAYS TRE *MOST HORRIBLE!* WELL, THEY'RE *RIGHT!* AND THIS TIME I *OUTDO* MYSELF! CORE INTO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR!* I AM YOUR HOST, *THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* SINCE YOU'RE ALL EAGER, I'LL WASTE RO TIME IR BEGINNIRG TRE BLOOD-CURDLING TALE I CALL

THE GORILLA'S PAW!

FLOYD STOOD OUTSIDE THE CURIO SHOP WINDOW GAZING IN AT THE WEIRD ASSORTMENT OF OBJECTS THAT CROWDED EVERY AVAILABLE INCH OF DISPLAY SPACE! AS HIS EYES MOVED FROM ONE ARTICLE TO THE NEXT, FLOYD BEGAN TO FEEL UREADY! IT WASN'T THAT THE CURIOS WERE FRIGHTENING! FLOYD COULD NOT UNDERSTAND IT! THEN HE LOOKED UP! BEHIND THE WINDOW DISPLAY STOOD THE SHOP-KEEPER .STARING AT HIM WITH SMALL, WRINKLED, BEADY EYES . .

WHAT'S THE OLD BUZZARD GAWKING AT *ME* FOR? DO I LOOK LIKE I'D BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO *BUY* SOME OF THIS JUNK? NE.. *HUH?* HE'S MOTIONING FOR ME TO *COME IN!*

AT FIRST FLOYD WAS TEMPTED TO TURN AWAY... BUT THE LOOK ON THE OLD SHOPKEEPER'S FACE WAS ONE OF GRIM CONCERN, SO HE SHRUGGED AND ENTERED THE SHOP! AS HE OPENED THE DOOR, A BELL TINKLED SOMEWHERE IN THE NEAR...
DID YOU WANT ME FOR SOMETHIN', MISTER?
COME IN, YOUNG MAN! COME IN!
THE FOUL ODOR OF STALENESS AND DUSTY DECAY SEARED FLOYD'S NOSTRILS! HE LOOKED ABOUT THE DARK INTERIOR OF THE SHOP...
LISTEN, MISTER! I'M NOT IN THE MARKET FOR ANY OF THIS...
BUT I HAVE SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL WANT!
THE OLD MAN LIFTED A STRONG WOODEN BOX FROM A DRAWER AND PLACED IT ON THE COUNTER! FLOYD TURNED TO GO...
NOT ME, OLD TIMER! I CAN THINK OF LOTS BETTER WAYS OF SPENDIN' MY DOUGH!
WAIT! JUST LOOK AT IT! THAT'S ALL I ASK!
THE SHOP-KEEPER TOOK A KEY FROM HIS POCKET AND UNLOCKED THE SMALL OAK CHEST! HE LIFTED BACK THE LID...
GOOD LORD! WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT DISGUSTING THING?
IT'S A MUMMIFIED GORILLA'S PAW, MY FRIEND! A RARE SPECIMEN! I'LL SELL IT CHEAP...
FLOYD SHUDDERED AS HE STUDIED THE BLACK-SKINNED HAIRY PAW! HE TURNED TO THE SHOP-KEEPER AND BURST OUT LAUGHING...
AND WHAT IN THE WORLD WOULD I WANT WITH AN UGLY GORILLA PAW?
THAT'S UP TO YOU! IF YOU WANT TO BUY IT, IT'S TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS... WITHOUT THE CHEST! THAT'S EXTRA!
FLOYD SHOOK HIS HEAD AND STARTED FOR THE DOOR...
TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS... FOR THAT MONSTROSITY! NOT ME, OLD MAN! FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER SUCKER! I...
I...I WISH YOU'D BUY IT!
FLOYD STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS AT THE OLD MAN'S WORDS! HE STARED DOWN AT THE MUMMIFIED GORILLA PAW! A STRANGE FEELING CAME OVER HIM! HE LIFTED THE DRIED EXTREMITY FROM THE BOX AND STUDIED IT! THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT FASCINATED HIM...
THEN... YOU'LL TAKE IT?
Y..YES! I'LL TAKE IT! I...I LIKE IT!
2

FLOYD PAID THE OLD MAN THE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND POCKETED THE MUMMIFIED PAW! THEN HE LEFT THE SHOP! SOON HE ARRIVED AT THE RUN-DOWN TENEMENT WHERE HE LIVED! ONCE IN HIS ROOM, HE FLUNG THE PAW ON THE BUREAU AND CURSED...

I MUST HAVE BEEN *CRAZY*! I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT *INTO* ME! *TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS* FOR *THAT* HORRIBLE THING! WHY DID I *DO* IT? I *WISH* I HADN'T BOUGHT IT...

FLOYD UNDRESSED, TURNED OUT THE LIGHT AND WENT TO BED! DURING THE NIGHT HE WAS AWAKENED BY A SCRATCHING SOUND... BUT, THINKING IT WAS A CAT, TURNED OVER AND FELL BACK TO SLEEP! THE NEXT MORNING WHEN HE AWOKE...

WHAT THE...? *THE GORILLA PAW*! IT'S *COVERED* BY SOMETHING! IT...IT LOOKS LIKE... *MONEY*!

FLOYD RUSHED TO THE BUREAU, LIFTED THE CRISP BILLS FROM THE HAIRY PAW AND COUNTED THEM...

THERE'S... *TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS* HERE!

FLOYD STARED AT THE MONEY AND THEN AT THE MUMMIFIED LIMB! HE SCRATCHED HIS HEAD...

GRIPES! I DIDN'T PUT THIS DOUGH HERE! I WONDER WHERE...

LATER THAT DAY, FLOYD MET HIS TWO BEST FRIENDS OUTSIDE THEIR FAVORITE HANGOUT... THE POOL-ROOM! FLOYD DIDN'T MENTION A WORD ABOUT HIS LATEST PURCHASE FOR FEAR OF BEING RIBBED...

HEY, EDDIE! I'M *HUNGRY*! HOW 'BOUT YOU, FLOYD?

NAW! NOT ME, JOE!

ME NEITHER, JOE!

JOE, FLOYD'S HUNGRY FRIEND, SPIED AN UMBRELLA-COVERED PUSH-CART APPROACHING...

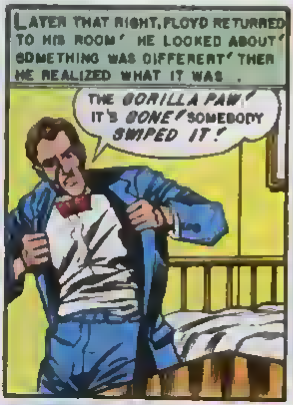
OH, BOY! LOOK! *HOT-DOGS*! I'M GONNA *GET* ME A COUPLE!

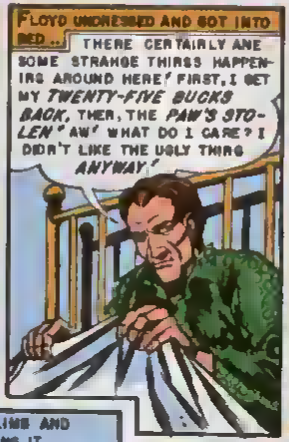
NOT FROM *THAT GUY*, JOE! THAT'S *JUNK* HE SELLS! YOU'LL GET *SICK*!

BUT JOE DIDN'T HEED FLOYD'S WARNING! WHEN HIS HUNGER HAD SUBSIDED, HE HAD DEVOURED FOUR HOT-DOGS OF QUESTIONABLE QUALITY FROM THE PUSH-CART. SOON, HOWEVER...

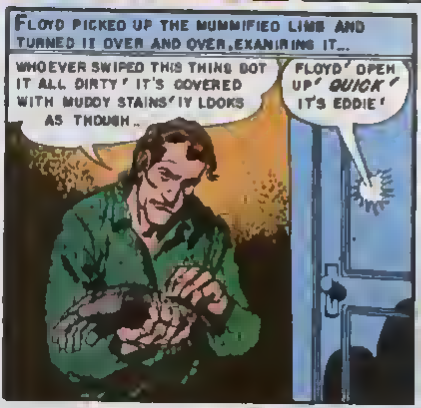
OOOOOH! I DON'T *FEEL* SO HOT! THEM 'DOGS' DIDN'T *AGREE* WITH ME! MY STOMACH...

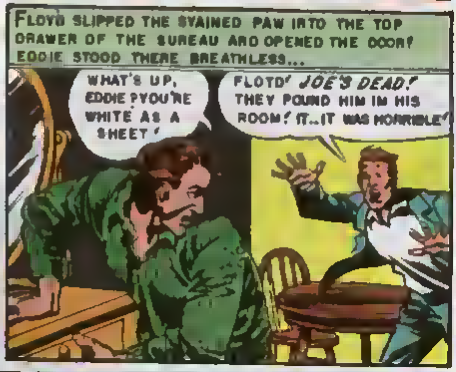
YOU *SEE*? YOU WOULDN'T *LISTEN* TO ME! I *TOLD* YOU THEY WERE *JUNK*! I *WISH* YOU DIDN'T *HAVE* A *STOMACH*! THEN YOU WOULDN'T BE *HUNGRY* ALL THE TIME...

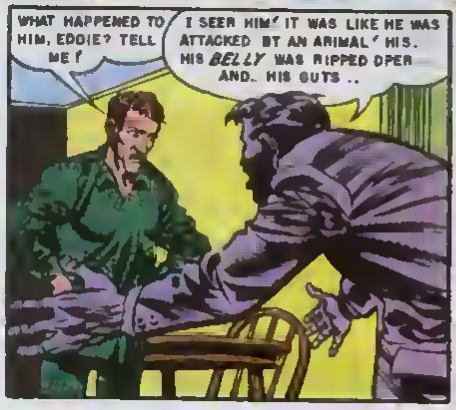

LATER THAT RIGHT, FLOYD RETURNED TO HIS ROOM. HE LOOKED ABOUT. SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT. THEN HE REALIZED WHAT IT WAS.
THE GORILLA PAW! IT'S GONE! SOMEBODY SWIPED IT!

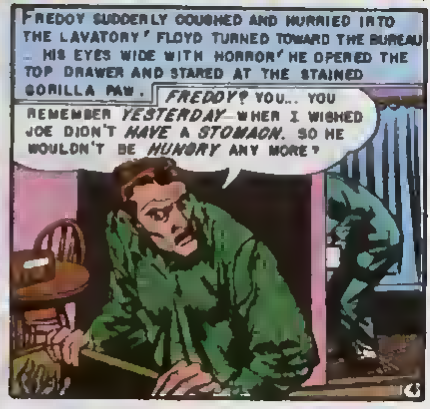

FLOYD UNDRESSED AND GOT INTO BED...
THERE CERTAINLY ARE SOME STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING AROUND HERE! FIRST, I GET MY TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS BACK, THEN, THE PAW'S STOLEN! AW! WHAT DO I CARE? I DIDN'T LIKE THE UGLY THING ANYWAY!

BUT THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN FLOYD AWOKE...
WELL, I'LL BE. THAT BLASTED GORILLA PAW IS BACK ON THE BUREAU!

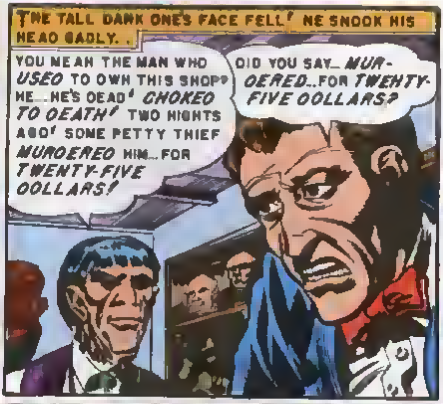

FLOYD PICKED UP THE MUMMIFIED LIMB AND TURNED IT OVER AND OVER, EXAMINING IT...
WHOEVER SWIPED THIS THING GOT IT ALL DIRTY! IT'S COVERED WITH MUDDY STAINS! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH..
FLOYD! OPEN UP! QUICK! IT'S EDDIE!

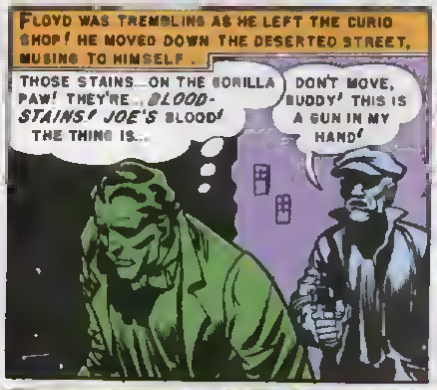

FLOYD SLIPPED THE STAINED PAW INTO THE TOP DRAWER OF THE BUREAU AND OPENED THE DOOR? EDDIE STOOD THERE BREATHLESS...
WHAT'S UP, EDDIE? YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET!
FLOYD! JOE'S DEAD! THEY FOUND HIM IN HIS ROOM! IT...IT WAS HORRIBLE!

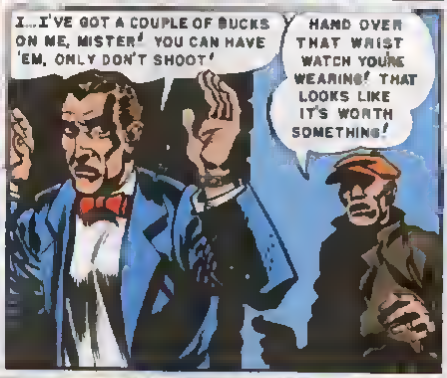

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, EDDIE? TELL ME!
I SEEN HIM! IT WAS LIKE HE WAS ATTACKED BY AN ANIMAL! HIS HIS BELLY WAS RIPPED OPEN AND.. HIS GUTS..

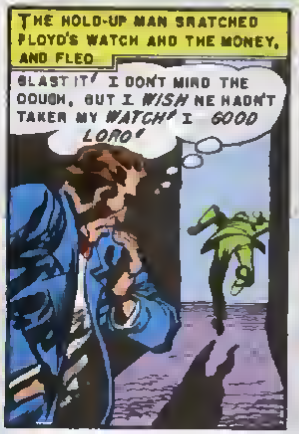

FREDDY SUDDENLY COUGHED AND HURRIED INTO THE LAVATORY! FLOYD TURNED TOWARD THE BUREAU - HIS EYES WIDE WITH HORROR! HE OPENED THE TOP DRAWER AND STARED AT THE STAINED GORILLA PAW.
FREDDY? YOU.. YOU REMEMBER YESTERDAY - WHEN I WISHED JOE DIDN'T HAVE A STOMACH. SO HE WOULDN'T BE HUNGRY ANY MORE?

THAT NIGHT, FLOYD PUT THE MUMMIFIED GORILLA PAW IN HIS POCKET AND WENT DOWNTOWN TO THE CURIO SHOP! WHEN HE ENTERED, A DARK, TALL MAN GREETED HIM...
YES, SIR? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU THIS EVENING?
WHERE...WHERE'S THE OLD MAN? I WANT TO SEE HIM!

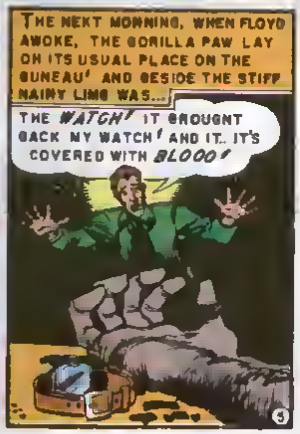

THE TALL DARK ONE'S FACE FELL! HE SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY...
YOU MEAN THE MAN WHO USED TO OWN THIS SHOP? HE...HE'S DEAD! CHOKED TO DEATH! TWO NIGHTS AGO! SOME PETTY THIEF MURDERED HIM...FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!
DID YOU SAY...MURDERED...FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS?


FLOYD WAS TREMBLING AS HE LEFT THE CURIO SHOP! HE MOVED DOWN THE DESERTED STREET, MUSING TO HIMSELF...
THOSE STAINS...ON THE GORILLA PAW! THEY'RE...BLOOD-STAINS! JOE'S BLOOD! THE THING IS...
DON'T MOVE, BUDDY! THIS IS A GUN IN MY HAND!


I...I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF BUCKS ON ME, MISTER! YOU CAN HAVE 'EM, ONLY DON'T SHOOT!
HAND OVER THAT WRIST WATCH YOU'RE WEARING! THAT LOOKS LIKE IT'S WORTH SOMETHING!


THE HOLD-UP MAN SNATCHED FLOYD'S WATCH AND THE MONEY, AND FLED.
BLAST IT! I DON'T MIND THE DOUGH, BUT I WISH HE HADN'T TAKEN MY WATCH! I GOOD LORD!

FLOYD REACHED INTO HIS POCKET...
THE GORILLA PAW! IT'S GONE!


THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN FLOYD AWOKE, THE GORILLA PAW LAY ON ITS USUAL PLACE ON THE BUREAU! AND BESIDE THE STIFF HAIRY LIMB WAS...
THE WATCH! IT BROUGHT BACK MY WATCH! AND IT...IT'S COVERED WITH BLOOD!

FLOYD STARED AT THE MUMMIFIED LIMB.
IT—IT MUST BE! THE PAW DOES WHATEVER I WISH! I REMEMBER NOW! I WISHED I HADN'T BOUGHT THE UGLY THING—SO IT BROUGHT BACK THE TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS I SPENT ON IT!
THEN POOR JOE! AND LAST NIGHT. I WISHED THE CROOK HADN'T STOLEN MY WATCH! NOW THE WATCH IS BACK! THE PAW! IT'S ALIVE! IT ANSWERS MY WISHES!
I'VE GOT TO TEST IT . . TO SEE! LEMME THINK! I WISH . . I WISH THAT RADIO WAS TURNED ON . . THAT'S WHAT I WISH!
SUDDENLY, AS FLOYD WATCHED, THE MUMMIFIED GORILLA PAW GREW LIMP! A FINGER TWITCHED—THEN ANOTHER! IT BEGAN TO MOVE—SLOWLY—PAINFULLY TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE BUREAU! AS IT SLID ALONG, CRAWLING BY USE OF ITS WRINKLED FINGERS, IT MADE A SCRATCHING SOUND . .
THE SOUND I HEARD! THE SCRATCHING NOISE THAT AWAKENED ME THAT FIRST NIGHT!
THE PAW SLIPPED OFF THE EDGE OF THE BUREAU AND FELL TO THE FLOOR! THEN IT BEGAN TO MOVE, DRAGGING ITSELF ALONG, TOWARD THE TABLE WITH THE RADIO ON IT! FLOYD STARED AT THE CRAWLING THING. HORRIFIED! SUDDENLY HE COULDN'T STAND IT ANYMORE! HE SCREAMED AT IT . .
STOP! I WISH YOU TO STOP . .
THE HAND CONTINUED ON TO THE TABLE LEG! IT BEGAN TO CLIMB UP, AWKWARDLY! FINALLY IT REACHED THE TABLE TOP . .
STOP, I SAID! I WISH YOU TO STOP! OH, LORD! IT WON'T LISTEN TO ME! IT'S DOING WHAT I FIRST WISHED!
THE RADIO BLARED ON! THE HAND STIFFENED! THEN FLOYD REALIZED THAT A NEWS BROADCAST WAS IN PROGRESS! THE NEWSCASTER'S VOICE FROZE FLOYD'S BLOOD . .
. A SMALL-TIME HOLD-UP MAN WAS FOUND THIS MORNING IN AN ALLEY-WAY! HIS HAND HAD BEEN SAVAGELY RIPPED OFF AT THE WRIST! THE CORONER'S REPORT SAYS THE HOODLUM DIED OF FRIGHT—NOT LOSS OF BLOOD! POLICE, TODAY, HAVE BEGUN
MY WATCH! THE BAND IS STILL BUCKLED CLOSED!

FLOYD RUSHED TO THE PHONE! HE DIALED THE POOLROOM.

LENNIE SPEAK TO EDDIE! QUICK! HELLO EDDIE? THIS IS FLOYD! LISTEN AND LISTEN CAREFULLY...

FLOYD TOLD EDDIE THE WHOLE STORY.

AND THE PAW DOES WHAT-EVER I WISH! WHAT SHOULD I DO, ED? SHOULD I TELL THE COPS? WHAT?

DON'T BE A FOOL, FLOYD! IF IT'S TRUE, YOU'RE SET!

WHY YOU COULD WISH FOR DOUGH... PLENTY OF DOUGH! TEN GRAND! YOU CAN BE RICH! YOU'D BE CRAZY TO GO TO THE COPS!

DEE! YOU'RE RIGHT, EDDIE! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! I'M A DOPE! I WISH I HAD YOUR BRAINS!

FLOYD HUNG UP AND TURNED TO THE PAW.

GOOD GOD! IT'S GONE AGAIN! WHERE? WHY?

THAT NIGHT, AS FLOYD CURSED HIMSELF FOR LOSING THE PAW, A SCRATCHING SOUND CAME FROM HIS DOOR! HE FLUNG IT OPEN...

IT'S THE GORILLA PAW! IT'S DRAGGING A SACK! WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD IT BE?

FLOYD BENT AND OPENED THE SACK! HE PEERED IN! A VIOLENT NAUSEA SWEPT OVER HIM.

OUGH! IT...IT LOOKS LIKE BRAINS!

AAAAAAAH!

SUDDENLY, FLOYD FELT THE GORILLA PAW SPRING TO HIS BACK. AND WORK ITS WAY UP TO HIS NECK! THE LAST THING FLOYD REMEMBERED BEFORE EVERYTHING WENT BLACK, WAS THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN IN HIS HEAD...AS THOUGH HIS SKULL WERE BEING CRUSHED...

THE END

HEH, HEH! YEP! FLOYD GOT HIS LAST WISH, TOO! HE DID END UP WITH EDDIE'S BRAINS! NOT THAT THEY COULD DO HIM MUCH GOOD! WELL, IT JUST SHOWS YOU! YOU SHOULDN'T BLOW YOUR TOP OVER A GOOD THING! OH, BY THE WAY! KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THAT GORILLA PAW! WHEN YOU FIND IT, YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T! AND DON'T FORGET TO ORDER YOUR BACK ISSUES! THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE HAS ALL THE INFO! BYE NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN T EVEN **HAVE** A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD

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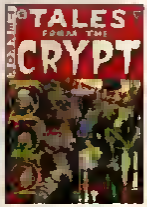

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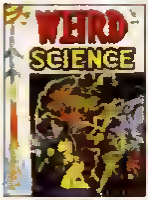

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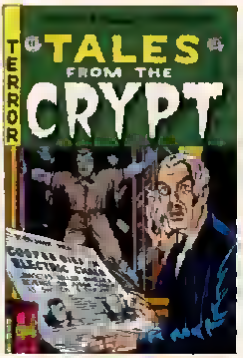

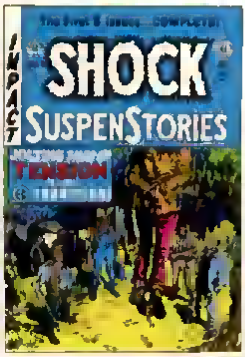

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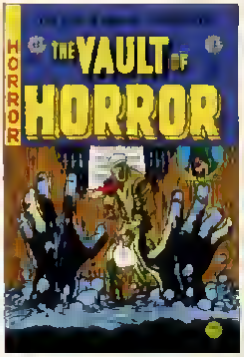

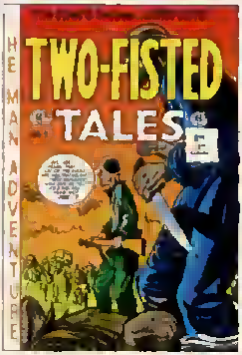

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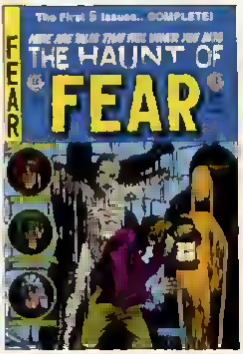

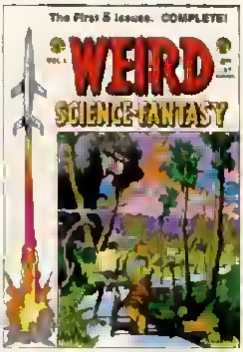

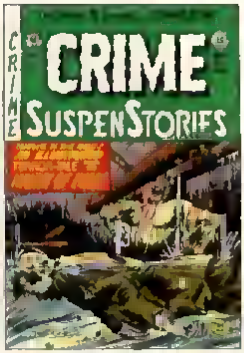

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